

A Few Lines For H. B. At Morning

(... harry's driving off into the sun in his tin-can citroën.
 where's he going: duck-foot Charlie walking off maybe thirty
 years ago with Paulette Goddard on his arm -- she was a dish --
 bolts, tin-cans, monkey-wrenches, nuts and screws -- What's
 left ...)

Don't let the sun go down
 Pull your end of the string
 Jerk it back into the sky
 Grinning cardboard
 Salt of your eyes
 Green cacti
 The lack of ebullition
 The globe the rope
 The circle
 The rooms of self-destruction
 rectangular
 pinch the nose and bite the eyelids
 Oh the wilful dead-end bottle
 Anywhere

What rips through your cage
 Shake the bars
 It's only the red coyote laugh
 of those blind hand on shoulder
 walking knee-deep into yesterday
 Deeply broken
 Beyond the trappings
 Weep too late for tomorrow's kisses
 Light heart of the salty lake
 Let there be bright!

— Christopher Perret

NI PAR GOUT NI PAR DÉGOUT

(translation)

J'ais pris le papillon
 par les deux ailes
 et lentement j'ai tiré

I took the butterfly
 by its two wings
 and slowly pulled

j'ai regardé
 les deux morceaux

I looked at
 the two pieces

— Harry Bell

— Christopher Perret